

# TYPES ALL THE RAGE NOW, GENIUS TAKES A BACK SEAT

If You Only Fall Into One of the Popular Classifications Nothing Else Matters Much

By JANE DIXON.

WHAT is your type? Do not reply that you have no type. To find your own peculiar style of architecture and then to help out nature as much as you can in perfecting this style. Because the present period is a grand and glorious one in which no human being need despair of occupying a space in the gallery of good looks.

It is the time of types. It makes no difference whether you are qualified to give Polaire a run for the degree of B. U. (Bachelor of Ugliness), or whether you are so ravishing that every tooth paste company in the country craves your countenance to push dental delectabilities. So long as you are a type, you should whimper.

All the talk is of types. All the best sellers deal in types—the heroine so typey that you know she must have been cut from one of those fashion magazines exhibiting Mrs. Vernon Castle, the villainess a perfect reproduction of Theda Bara vamping her vampiest. The advertisements in the fashion papers tell you how this or that smart builder of clothes is prepared to study your type and conduct herself accordingly.

"I can't say she is pretty, but she certainly is a type," is the latest way of ranking attractiveness and personality alongside of contour and color.

"He may not be a handsome man, but I have never seen a more distinct type," is another way of cutting a man out from the crowd.

To loom forth, then, in large letters, the idea of a type is to be a type.

If we have none, all we have to do is to pick out one we like and go after it. Do not be misled, however, into believing that a type is merely a matter of decision. The idea is to seat yourself before a mirror in the cold uncompromising light of a north window early some morning, and there and then to make a careful inventory of what you have to build on. With this list as a framework, conduct a little personal observation party, and when you see a type you think you can attain, start the contractors at work on the job. There'll be the masseuse, the hair dresser, the beauty specialist, the surgeon, the tailor, the milliner, the haberdasher, the bootmaker, the druggist. These are only a few of those who must be engaged to polish off the exterior.

Of the tuning up of interiors to radiate type the problem is entirely too intricate to attempt. Having fiddled in the second term of algebra, and never again having caught up with the procession all the way through the higher mathematics, I see no reason to tackle a problem like that of the possibilities of pose.

There was a girl in my class at college who amused herself evenings with a pencil, a piece of paper and a problem in analytical geometry. It was her idea of indoor sport.

It is even thus with pose. Some folks are spongers for it, others are ducks. One man can be Charlie Chaplin this afternoon and Forbes-Robertson to-night. Another must go on being plain John Jones all his life. But do not overlook the fact that even the John Joneses of the world



The vampire type.

reason for whatever is, have hunted down the craze for types. They have found the gully germ which gave it growth. This germ is of the same general formation, the same texture as the movie madness microbe. In fact it is now generally accepted as a first cousin of this delightfully dangerous little bug.

"They don't want an actor in the studios these days, they want a type," complained one of the fur collared, crushed velvet gentry, shifting to the other foot and pushing back his cuffs to a place where the fray would not be featured. He continued:

"Just as if a regular actor could not make up for a type! He gives years to perfecting his art, learning the secret of the make-up shelf, only to have an impudently young type come in and take his place. I argued with a director about this very subject only the other day for as long as he would listen. I told him I supposed if the story called for a South African head hunter he would go down to South Africa and get one. He said he understood, but I should leave my name and address because if he ever needed a boob he would send for me.

"Why when I was with Mansfield—"

But why go on? The actor was one of those yesterday fellows. He talked in the past tense instead of howling the tyranny of the type. For such there is no hope. Back to the laundry wagon! is the best he can do. "Tie and, but truth often is."

The thing to do, then, was to sally forth and ask some ultimate authority exactly how much of a tyrant type has come to be. In what was once a commodious and fashionable church of brick and stone on Thirty-sixth street just west of Seventh avenue I found Mme. Olga Petrova, of the school of repressed emotionalism, receding off hot stuff in the way of screen dramas. A copious sign posted conspicuously on the front door warned all comers that they were about to enter the Colonial Studios. Inside the portals one learned that if there was any worshiping to be done it would have to be at the shrine of a constellation of film stars owned and operated by a person or corporation called Metro.

"Types," said Madame Petrova, seating herself on a section of snowy bank beneath a practical palm. "I am surrounded with them. Did you notice that fine, dignified looking old gentleman in the scene we were doing?"

"Typical doctor, isn't he? If you were to materialize your mind picture of the past tense instead of howling the tyranny of the type, you would know he was a doctor even if he neglected to carry the indispensable bag equipped with phials and other impedimenta of the profession."

"That man never acted before in all his life. The director happened to glimpse him on the street one day near the studio. There is the doctor for my picture," he said. The old gentleman was delighted with the opportunity to appear on the screen. There was no difficulty. He walked on and played himself, and the part is perfect.

"Of course there are times when type alone will not suffice, when training, the skill born of long experience—these alone will make of the picture a cameo in place of a machine-made blur. But never before have types played such an important part in life and art."

"We are constantly on the lookout for types," explained the man who seemed to be telling the people with purple eyelids and saffron complexion what to do. "The camera is a great

little recorder of truth, so it is quite as important for the player to look the part as to act the part.

"Not long ago I was putting on a picture in which several scenes were laid in Russian Poland. I wanted some typical Polish Jews. Where do you think I found them? I went down to the East Side and I paged them. I made a few types that were a joy to understand they would be paid \$2 a day and lunch for their services. At the mention of the wages they hesitated no longer."

One type which has vamped violently into vogue through the moorings of the movies is the lady vampire. She is a regular down and out hussy, the vampire girl. She's had clean through and through, and she is proud of it. Her notion of a pleasant afternoon is to pry some dolling doddard away from his bank roll, shoot the skin under him and then start him down grade, chirping cheerily the while.

But this is not all. There is more vamping yet to be done. I told you this girl was a regular screen hussy. To show you what she is capable of, she goes to the telephone, calls up his wife and family and tells them to watch for him, that he is on his way

home with his pockets turned inside out, his heart as dry as the State of Arizona and a buzz saw attached to his disposition.

Of course you understand no baby doll with sunbeams tangled in her Mary Pickford and a china blue stare could be so perfectly horrid, even for a director like David Griffith, and goodness knows no one would be surprised if Mr. Griffith made Cora Fay-ton act.

No sirree! The vampire girl must have black hair—red will do at a pinch—dark eyes, plenty of pallor and carmine lips inclining to purple. Her walk must be something between a glide and a squirm and she must let her fingernails grow long and pointed. Her clothes must be sheathlike and strictly form fitting.

She must wear her hair in some weird way, and an unnatural ring must adorn the first finger of her left hand. Her wardrobe must show but three colors—black, purple, deep crimson. Given this equipment, she is ready to vamp all over the scenery until the hosts of movie fans rise up and denounce her as a "wicked woming."

Strangely enough, this type has not adhered strictly to the screen. Any number of girls out front have found a certain amount of fascination in Mr. Kipling's "A Rag and a Bone and a Hank of Hair," and they have set about to steal some of the Theda Bara fireworks. Given a black and white background, wonders can be worked with dead white rice powder, purple black eye pencils and a trusty stick of brunette lip rouge.

Then, of course, there is the eternal ingenue. Here is the type for which mere men will always leap along as lambs led to the slaughter.

The eternal ingenue generally wears a large floppy hat with pink roses or daisies or apple blossoms scampering over the brim. If not the large floppy hat, then she displays a cute little

Be a Vampire or an Ingenue, a Charley Chaplin or a Forbes-Robertson, and You're Sure to Be IT

bonnet effect lined with baby blue or pale pink and tied on with a cunning ribbon bow just below the left ear.

Her conversation is peppered with such exciting chatter as "Really, did you? How wonderful!" this, bolstered with the well known baby stare, as dully as any first class machine gun when turned full upon its intended victim.

If you have seen the eternal ingenue looking guilelessly across the table into the eyes of the man and eating strawberries, ice cream, you will agree it is a type which for results has never been tried, much less distanced. It is as popular and successful to-day as it was a hundred years ago, and it will be the same a hundred years hence.

The boyish girl is considerably in evidence. It must be said for her that she is a type without appeal. Men resent her aping them and women regard her as a futile copy of the real thing.

In selecting your type, beware of the one who wears her watch on a chain across her vest instead of on a ribbon around her waist. She will pull her monogrammed gold and platinum cigarette case from her hip

to be desired. The type is about as popular as a bow of orange ribbon on St. Patrick's day. If you are eager to know how popular that is, try wearing the ribbon.

Which brings us to the final type of this story, albeit there are hundreds of ramifications, as, for example, the intellectual type which exists in the form of Schopenhauer tucked under the arm; the dreamy type that burns in the house and wears strange jade earrings; and any others you may conjure.

But the final type, and the sure winner regardless of all other entries, is the natural girl. This type is no means as easy as it sounds. To be yourself at all times with all regard under all circumstances is a task to a diplomat and a general.

The natural type goes in for simplicity of clothes, simplicity of manner, simplicity of action. It has no without vanity. It is the type that can be wooed wildly by Peter Pan and sent him away laughing in his magnificent limousine to Coney Island in the train with a real man who registers twenty a week.



A movie type hunter offers them five per.

poCKET and offer you one of her own private brand of smokes, but do not be deceived. A vanity case is more your choice—type's the thing.



The ingenue type.

ters, to get the gladsome glance, to be a big league looker, it is up to each and every one of us to go in for types.

are a type. You can't get away from it—this type thing.

Analytical minds, that must have a

## AT THE SPRING RESORTS

Continued from Eighth Page.

Morgan and Miss de Wolfe are taking the cure.

**AIKEN.**

AIKEN, S. C., March 25.—In the annual of this season the private horse show given here on Friday last by Thomas Hitchcock will go down as not only the biggest event, but the biggest and most successful affair given here in a decade at least. The three hundred or more of winter colonists assembled early in the forenoon for the children's classes, and looking over the broad lawns, the hold and the improved racetrack at Villa Mon Repos, the Hitchcock estate, the scene resembled the gatherings at the spring race meets at Piping Rock. In addition to such well known exhibitors as Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, Harry W.

it was under the auspices of the new Pine Tree Polo Club and was given on their grounds.

Next Wednesday the juniors in the colony will produce a French play at Calico Cottage on an open air stage for the benefit of the Lafayette Fund and some of the players will include the children of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford A. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown, Col. and Mrs. H. W. Sage and several others.

**OLD POINT.**

OLD POINT, VA., March 25.—The influx from Florida has started and every train now brings tourists from Canada, New York and middle Western States. The springing season promises to be one of the most successful in the history of Old Point.

A series of dinners, luncheons and motor parties marked the stay of the yacht Corona, which came up Saturday from Florida with Commodore

Leonard Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Richards, Jr., and J. Probst aboard.

Commodore Richards' dinner guests at the Chamberlin included besides those Major and Mrs. Nugent, Mrs. George L. Brown, Stamford, Mrs. R. W. Forbes, Frank H. Colton, New York, Lieut. and Mrs. Ida Carr, and Mrs. Woods, Mrs. E. J. Simons, Pittsburg, Mass., George F. Adams, Capt. Jordan and Sidney George, George F. Adams gave a dinner Sunday for the club which was attended by Commodore Richards and his party as the principal guests.

**LAKESIDE.**

LAKESIDE, N. J., March 25.—Although there were several days of inclement weather here this week, the throng of visitors seems to increase each day. There is every prospect of the hotels being well filled until the end of May. Some of the houses have posted signs to the effect that they will remain open until the latter part of June.

There has been much social activity at the Laurel-in-the-Pines during the past ten days. The daily concerts with Miss Florence Wallace as soloist are attracting large crowds of the best sort. Many dinner parties have formed part of the events. Prominent among the arrivals at the Laurel-in-the-Pines this week were Sir Charles Fitzpatrick of Ottawa, Lord Chief Justice of Canada.

A "maple" ball will be given by the management of the Laurel House next Saturday evening for the benefit of the Paul Kimball Hospital. Guests of the hotel and their friends overflowed the ballroom Saturday evening, when the spring flower ball was given.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herreshoff arrived at the Laurel House this week for an indefinite stay. Mr. Herreshoff is spending much of his time on the Lake at the Country Club. Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant returned from Washington to the Laurel House early in the week. Arnold Daly is also making this hotel his headquarters.

John Hays Hammond and family returned to the Country Club on Thursday. They had been away on a Southern trip. Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Gardiner entertained friends at tea at the Country Club on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Green Root arrived at the hotel yesterday and will remain here indefinitely.

Man Ridgway of New York was a week end visitor at the club and had as his guests R. W. Poor and J. R. Garst.

Other arrivals at the club were J. W. Rondebush and James Barnes.

Bartlett Inn is the headquarters of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Munger of New York and Stamford who are spending their honeymoon here.

Dr. S. C. Mezes, president of the City College of New York, is spending the week end at the Laurel-in-the-Pines. Mrs. Mezes accompanies him.

ing season. With announcements of early season entertainment features on the boardwalk and an unusually extensive programme for the summer, months has come a demand for cottages, unprecedented for this time of year.

Meantime the hotels and boarding houses are seeking patrons for the Easter season.

April will be ushered in with an All-Pool dance on the boardwalk a week from tonight. It will be a costume ball for which no dress is required.

For the entertainment of the 1,200 delegates to the convention of the National Library Association, which will convene here June 25, Arthur Preyer will bring his band to the Arcade to open the season on that date, a week earlier than scheduled. The Librarians have reserved the New Montney and the Columbia hotels as headquarters during the convention.

**ASHEVILLE.**

ASHEVILLE, N. C., March 25.—A levy of pretty girls arrived at Balsam Park last week to enjoy an already brilliant spring season. The dances in the evening are gay in the extreme and the ballroom is filled each evening with fashionably gowned and attractive young women. A large number of good dancing men are here this year, which adds much zest to the ball and tea dances.

Guests include Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bartow, Mrs. P. L. Chapman, A. W. Wheeler, E. L. Chapman, Mrs. D. McMartin, Mrs. J. N. Anderson, Charles L. Hildreth, Miss John M. Hadley, John A. Kelly, H. W. Tillamouth and Miss Mabel Fairfax of New York.

**WIND SHIELDS FOR CANDLES.**

FOR lighting country houses the candle is becoming more and more popular, possibly with an aim of carrying over the quaint effect. Naturally more brilliant lighting is available in most establishments when it is desired for practical use. But to use candles with comfort the glass wind shields once so prevalent and now often seen in typical Southern homes are essential.

These wind shields, which look very much like large lamp chimneys, stand over the candle on the table or mantle and make it possible to use candles without the annoyance of having them flicker. Some shields are two feet high, but they should not be confused with the short chimney or globe which fits on some candlesticks just where the candle joins the socket. The glass may be either plain or etched.

Northerners who are wintering in the South have opportunities to find these wind shields which will fit so admirably in their summer homes. Last winter a Baltimore woman had the good fortune to discover a dozen or more of these relics in the attic of an old Charleston house and placed them about her modern Colonial home.

THE failure of the Legislature to direct the removal of State institutions from the Craton watershed recalls that fact that this city on July 4, 1842, in celebration over the exiles in the citizens held on October 14 the most imposing celebration New York had seen up to that time. The central feature was the elaborate illumination of the City Hall.

In the seventeenth century the city depended on public wells for its water supply. Two wells were dug in the middle of Broadway, near Exchange place, in 1677, and residents of the neighborhood were assessed for half their cost and maintenance. The sweetest water to be had was found at the Tea Water Pump, at the Bowery and Pearl street. In districts which were without pumps water was hauled about the streets and sold to the inhabitants. The wells in Broadway were abolished in 1806.

A reservoir was constructed at public expense in 1774 on the east side of Great George street between Pearl and White, then well outside the city limits. Water was obtained also from the Collect, or fresh water pond, in Centre street, northeast of City Hall Park, the supply being distributed through wooden pipes.

Arthur Burr was the first president of the Manhattan company, whose charter gave it the right both to furnish water to the city and to engage in the banking business.

Apologies of the controversy over the proposed extension of the eighty-sixth street trolley line it is interesting to note that the movement to build a surface line in Broadway, back in 1829, gave rise to a storm of protest. After a company had been formed it was enjoined from building the road and the fight, once it entered the courts, continued for thirty years. William M. Tweed was an Alderman in those days and the Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen who controlled this and succeeding franchises became known as "The Forty Thieves," each board consisting of twenty members.

The Supreme Court handed down a decision favorable to the road in 1885. The last bus ran on Broadway on June 29 and the first horse car made its initial trip from Bowling Green to Fifty-seventh street the next day. Cable cars appeared in 1893 and electric cars eight years later.

There have been changes in the names of many of the old streets of New York, though seldom for the reason that business men are advancing in support of their campaign. Dutch names were generally abolished when the British took possession, and several of the English names disappeared after the Revolution. Liberty street was formerly Crown, Pearl was Great Queen, Broad was popularly known as Petticoat lane, and Broadway above the vicinity of Wall street was Great George, while that section in front of Trinity Church was called by the British officers The Mall. And Columbia College was King's College previous to 1784, as a plate in front of the university library testifies.

With nearly 600,000 women wage earners in New York city alone, it is difficult to realize that the man who first gave a clerkship to an American woman died less than five years ago. He was Benjamin Franklin Hamilton of Saco, Me. It was in the early '60s that he hired Miss Sarah Moulton to measure ribbons in his store. When the town learned that a woman was so employed it was shocked, and for months the store suffered a boycott. In these days, when thousands of women are clamoring for the vote, it is particularly interesting to recall that it was the wives of Saco who led the fight against the man who dared to employ one of their sex.

Education, apparently one of the luxuries which women have abandoned quickly. Association of matriculated students of the State University in 1915 numbered 2,000, in 1916 2,500 and in 1917 3,000. Women students numbered more than a year ago, but the students from outside and the students who are now enrolled. The first started one university in 1862, saw, has been added to the list of three already existing.

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## IN NEXT SUNDAY'S SUN

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Some of the ingenious ways in which seeming impossibilities are accomplished on the screen.

The "George Bernard Shaw of Germany" writes of the maker of Germany's navy.

### Alphonse Aulard on the New France

Famous French historian gives an entirely new view of the state of public opinion toward Germany and the causes of the Republic's military strength.

## IN THE SUN NEXT SUNDAY

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**ASBURY PARK.**

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 25.—March weather vagaries have not retarded the spring movement in Asbury Park and in rain, sleet or sunshine cottage "hunters" by the dozens are daily canvassing the residential section for villas for the com-

ing season. With announcements of early season entertainment features on the boardwalk and an unusually extensive programme for the summer, months has come a demand for cottages, unprecedented for this time of year.

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